



SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1909.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

By JEROME SPRAGUE

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"BUT, Bobbie, you're English and can't be expected to feel as I do about the Fourth of July," Felicia protested.

"I know that you've agreed to love me in spite of that," he retorted.

"I know it," she admitted, "and I intend to go on loving you if you don't turn out to be a dreadful tyrant like your fathers before you."

"Don't judge me by my ancestors," he laughed. "They weren't half as jolly as I am."

"You are nice, Bobbie," she agreed.

"Then go with me today and cut the stupid picnic."

Her eyes were fixed longingly on the gorgeous red motor that was hobnobbing with Aunt Marcia's shabby surrey in the country road.

"I'd love to," she confessed.

"Please, please," he begged, with all his heart in his eyes.

And because it hurt her she said "No" very emphatically, and he turned away with a frown.

"When you see me again you'll know it," he said savagely.

It was dung out with the frank rudeness of a little boy, and for a moment Felicia stared haughtily. Then she laughed.

"Oh, Bobbie," she emphasized, "you are so funny when you're angry!"

But Bobbie, with one last look at her, strode down the path.

And Felicia, gazing after him blankly, scarcely heard the voice at her side.

"My dear, you needn't have stayed at home on our account."

"Oh, Aunt Marcia," said Felicia, coming out of her daze—"oh, did you hear?"

"Yes, and I'm afraid you've made him very angry, Felicia."

Felicia dropped a light kiss on the little lady's forehead.

"Honey, child," she cooed, "it's the spirit of my ancestors."

"But if you had an engagement with him?"

"It wasn't any more of an engagement," Felicia stated, "than I had with you and the children. It's his fault if he has a bad time of it. I asked him to go with us."

"Of course it couldn't be expected," said Aunt Marcia, "that he would enjoy our little Fourth of July picnic."

"He ought to like the things I like," Felicia insisted.

"Yes," said Aunt Marcia vaguely, "I should think he'd want to be where you are."

"Well, evidently he doesn't," said her niece grimly.

At the picnic Felicia was as gay as usual, and in her pale pink linen with a shady hat she looked like a rose, so that the people craned their necks to get a view of the pretty girl who had lived among them until, four years ago, she had gone to the city to cultivate her voice and had come back engaged to a titled Englishman.

After luncheon Raymond Andrews asked her to take a walk with him. Felicia had known Raymond since her little girl days, and she couldn't remember the time when he had not been in love with her.

They sauntered through the grove and came out at last upon a bluff that overlooked the lake. In front of them was a flat gray rock, and back of the rock was a tangle of vines which screened them from the road that skirted the bluff, and hidden behind the vines was a motor car at rest, with a disconsolate young man lounging in the front seat.

"So you are going to be married," Raymond said as Felicia perched herself on the gray rock, where she sat poised like a pink butterfly right in front of the screen of green.

Felicia shook her head mournfully. "I'm not sure," she said.

"Everybody says it's settled." "Everybody doesn't know," Felicia responded. "Bobbie and I have quarreled."

Behind the vines the young man in the motor car listened with all his ears.

"He's a brute," Raymond said.

"He isn't a brute," Felicia flashed, to the extreme edification of the young man in the motor. "He's perfectly lovely."

"His title is lovely," with withering sarcasm.

Felicia laughed.

"Oh, Raymond," she explained, "I didn't even know that he had a title when I said I'd marry him."

"But you quarreled."

"It was my fault," Felicia confessed.



THE DAY WE CELEBRATE

BY ROBERTUS LOVE

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Glorious land, great and grand—

This is the day we've got the sand!

Whang, whang, whang!

Powder hot, shell and shot—

This is the biggest day we've got!

Room, room, room!

Cannon loud, louder crowd—

This is the day of which we're proud!

Boom, boom, boom!

Powder and ball, patriots all—

This is the day we've got the gall!

Bang, bang, bang!

Flash and fizz, slash and sizz—

This is the onliest day there is!

Pop, pop, pop!

Smoke adrift, freedom's gift—

This is the day the roofs we lift!

Stop, stop, STOP!



The green screen behind them

stirred.

"Yes, it was my fault," Felicia continued, "but of course I couldn't let him know it—not on the Fourth of July."

No American could give in to an Englishman on the Fourth of July could she?

"You'll have to give in to him all your life," said Raymond sulkily.

"Well, perhaps," Felicia admitted dreamily, "but I rather think I shall like it, Raymond."

And now the vines behind her were agitated so violently that she turned and met squarely the adoring gaze of the man in the motor!

Felicia did not hesitate. Without a thought of the shock to Raymond she reached out to the man who was peering at her over the vine screen. "Oh, Bobbie," she said, "have you come back to help us celebrate?"

"I haven't exactly left the country yet," he returned, rather sheepishly.

Then they all rode back to the picnic ground in the big red car. A gray haired man was reading from a formidable looking manuscript.

"Listen, Bobbie," whispered Felicia as they approached the platform. "Uncle is reading the document which overthrew the schemes of your awful forefathers."

"Very well," he returned serenely. "Let us hear the real Declaration of Independence."

FOURTH FOR ALL NATIONS.

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I love mankind in every clime

And long for all men's good,

I thrill to hear the call sublime

Of human brotherhood,

And yet one land o'er all the rest

My heart has taken thrall,

For we must love one country best

Ere we can best love all.

The heart for universal things

Still prizes what is near;

A song of native land it sings,

Yet holds all nations dear;

The man whose country is the world

To seek it need not roam,

For he will find its flag unfurled

Above the roofs of home.

It is not bounds and shores and sea

That mark a nation's scope,

But all the dear past's memory

And all the future's hope,

My country has a goal divine,

To link all lands as one

Till freedom shall as widely shine

As does the kindly sun.

So call on liberty's sweet name

And lift Old Glory high;

With sound and flame give glad acclaim

The Fourth of each July,

For thus the knell of tyranny

Most surely we can ring

Till all lands know equality

And earth contains no king.

God's kingdom on the earth moves on;

His chosen land is here;

To spread the light of freedom's dawn

O'er nations far and near.

I prize all climes, but am most blest

In that which gave me birth,

For he who loves his country best

Loves best the whole wide earth.

J. A. EDGERTON.

The Rural Fourth.

The people who live in the country

and in the smaller towns enter into

the spirit of the day because of what

the day means. The people of the city

get away from town because it means

rest. The city people are the ones who

are always talking and arguing for the

saner Fourth. It means much to the

city where human life and property

are at stake. A noiseless Fourth in

the small town would not come under

the classification of sane. Taken as a

whole, the country is probably as glad

when the day is over as it is glad to

see it dawn. This may not be the sort

of spirit that the fathers mapped out

for the Fourth of July, but it is the

sort that is abroad in the present age.

General Cosby Kills Himself.

Oakland, Cal., June 30.—General

George B. Cosby, sixty-nine years old,

a native of Kentucky, one of the few

surviving brigadiers of the Confederate

army, committed suicide by inhaling

gas.

FOURTH OF JULY FOR CITY FOLKS.

The Fourth of July is not for the city except as a get-away day. When did you ever hear of a special rate excursion to the city to attend a Fourth of July celebration? The people of the country do not want to come into the city, and the people who live in the city do not want to stay at home.

With the rising of the sun the flags are a-flutter, and perhaps somewhere in the back streets there are the infernal bang-bang of the firecracker and the fierce report of the torpedo. But the masses are crowding the cars, surging for the trains and scurrying for the steamers at the piers, provided the city is not inland, and autos are already far away. In fact, a big percentage of the city population generally gets out the day before.

The night of the Fourth is more patriotic than the day. Many who have remained indoors all day assemble on the stoops to witness the miniature illuminations and rocket displays of somebody who has taken it upon himself to amuse the people in the block.

There are real patriots in every section of the city who wait for the night of what the orators call the natal day. Illuminated balloons chase each other across the sky. These have become noticeable features of the Fourth in the city. Who sends them up? City patriots.

Fortunately the passing of the Fourth in the city is as sudden, if not more so, than the dawn. By 10 o'clock the noise is over. Trains bearing the returning crowds are back in the great sheds long before that hour, and those who have been out of town are glad to scurry to shelter and get rest.

HOW FRANCE TAKES HER INDEPENDENCE.

The French Fourth of July is really the 14th, for it was on July 14, 1789, just thirteen years and ten days after the birthday of American liberty, that the Bastille fell, carrying with it the ancient monarchy and opening the way for the great republic of today.

Deserted Wife Awarded Estate.

Scranton, Pa., June 30.—By a court decree in Youngstown, O., Mrs. Sarah D. Arnold, of West Scranton, is the legal widow of the late A. A. Arnold, and entitled to his estate, estimated at \$50,000. Arnold left here about ten years ago with Annie Dingman. The latter, however, says she and Arnold were legally married. They had three children, and she sought to get the estate left by Arnold. The matter was contested by Mrs. Sarah D. Arnold on the ground that there was no divorce.

Government Calls For \$25,000,000.

Washington, June 30.—A call on national depository banks for a return to the treasury of government funds aggregating approximately \$25,000,000 was made by Secretary of the Treasury MacVeagh. Of this amount \$9,000,000 have been called for July 15 and \$16,000,000 for August 15.

Spanish and Governor?

The Spaniard suggested mildly.

"Most certainly, Christmas" by all means, but more especially the Fourth of July," the governor agreed.

A shadowy smile passed quickly over the missionary's ascetic face, and then he shook his head sadly.

"Fothojuly, fothojuly, excelecia, I know him not," he said.

"You shall make its acquaintance, and so shall every man, woman and child on this blessed island!" declared the governor, with resolution in his tone. "Why, man alive, it's the greatest day of them all! There isn't a youngster in the whole United States of America that couldn't give you people points on how to celebrate. The glorious day is due in about a week—a week from Saturday. My men will teach you how to celebrate. They'll paint Guam red!"

The peace loving missionary shivered slightly. Visions of Guam incarnadine floated before his eyes. Then a great light illumined his darkness.

"Pardon, senior gobernador," he said; "it is the great holy day of the Americans. Since we are now of the Americans it must also be of us. It is the feast of the translation of St. Martin, but perhaps it matters little; there are multitudes of saints remaining. Excelecia, we of Guam accept the holy day of the Americans."

Although this was not precisely what the doughty official had intended, he let it go at that for the present. It occurred to him, of course, that instead of making a beginning at the weeding out process he had added another to the already overstocked calendar of the festival loving Guamanes.

Then and there he resolved that the American national holiday should be made so distinctive that it should thereafter head the list. The first American Fourth of July in Guam should be a revelation to Uncle Sam's new quasi-citizens; no mere tropical merry-making, with flower wreaths and guitar thrumming and churchgoing as the features, but a genuine outburst of Yankee enthusiasm.

WONDER WHERE THE NOISE IS!

It was indeed a red letter day for the inhabitants of faraway Guam. At daybreak a rousing salvo from the cruiser in the harbor struck terror to the hearts of the waking natives, who thought only of the dreaded trembler de tierra. Simultaneously the marines at the government quarters began a fire of musketry, the steam whistle of the warship contributed its hoarse discord, the church bells clanged as they had never

clanged before, and the drums and fifes of the garrison added to the patriotic tumult. The Americans had taken pains to provide themselves with an abundance of the explosive agencies which alone make the Fourth what it should be, and there was little cessation in the glorious din throughout that sunny and ever to be remembered day.

The generous and politic governor feasted the principal men of the island and their families, and no one was suffered to go hungry or unhappy. It won the Guamanes forever and made them converts to the gracious festival which had been so auspiciously added to their calendar.

While we celebrate on the 4th of each July the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, we perhaps do not reflect on the stupendous influence of that document on the world as a whole. It is safe to say that no political paper in all history has had so universal or radical an effect. Not only did its promulgation mark the beginning of the life of our own nation and not only was it the mother of the emancipation proclamation, but its advent started the wave of democracy and liberty now seen in every nation on the earth. Surely Americans have a right to be proud of a document that has literally inaugurated a new era of humanity.

Although it would hardly be within the truth to say that the Declaration of Independence had wrought all the marvelous political changes that have swept the world since July 4, 1776, it would be entirely within the truth to state that it has been the greatest single influence and therefore has the right to be considered the symbol of all the forces that have wrought these changes. And what a transformation it has been! Then liberty was nowhere. Now it is everywhere. Then England had sunk to well nigh her lowest stage of despotism, France was misgoverned and hopeless, Germany was a conglomeration of inchoate states, the Latin nations were in feudal bondage, Russia had scarcely emerged from barbarism, all of Asia was as she had been for thousands of years, Africa and Australia were unknown, and both North and South America were covered with fringes of colonies and vast savage interiors. Today every land beneath the sun has been touched by the new life, the new aspiration, the new freedom.

France was the first to respond to the call and with her own revolution drove the democratic wedge fashioned in America far into the heart of Europe. England, the very nation against which the American Revolution had been waged, was the next to be moved toward liberty by the new example, her two defeats by this country shocking her into sanity and her own thinkers forcing her to adopt reform bills, to bring about a real revolution, although a peaceable one. Germany, too, heard the call, is yet hearing it and is moving to meet it. Italy shook off the thralldom of centuries, united her states and joined the ranks of the progressive nations. One after another the states of Europe either became republics or constitutional monarchies. Even Russia could not escape the universal wave of democracy. Last of all Turkey faces toward the sunrise and steps into the ranks of freedom. Poor Spain has tried several times to adopt republicanism, but the reactionary forces have been too strong and have held her till all of her colonies and most of her ancient glory have been swept away.

Following the example of the United States, all the Americas threw off the foreign yoke and became republics. Japan felt the new impulse, which is now also awakening China and India. South Africa experienced it, as she

FOURTH OF JULY IN FAR GUAM

By GEORGE H. PICARD

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WHEN the United States government took formal possession of its insular appanage of Guam one of its first official acts was to make an inventory of the leftover colonial impediments of the departed Castilians. According to the report of the officer who was detailed to attend to the matter—an incorrigible wag, as it happened—the only articles of any moment left behind by the ousted dons consisted of 365 annual and aleboddied holidays.

The first American governor of the islet, an efficient officer of the United States navy, was a reformer. With the holiday perse the gallant captain had no quarrel. But he made up his mind to reform the calendar. With that end in view and wishing to proceed cautiously, he sought the advice of one of the excellent Spanish missionaries who were still ministering to the spiritual needs of the Apolans.

The missionary admitted that the matter could be overdone, but explained that the Guamanes temperament required stimulation. That gave the governor his cue. Without further preliminary he began to descend feelingly upon the improved method of disposing of an overplus of enthusiasm which prevailed in America. The process, he explained, consisted in storing away vast quantities of explosive energy to be drawn upon whenever the occasion was actually worthy of special effort.

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Following the example of the United States, all the Americas threw off the foreign yoke and became republics. Japan felt the new impulse, which is now also awakening China and India. South Africa experienced it, as she

showed in her stubborn fight for freedom. And Australasia, touched by it, has the most enlightened and progressive governments in the world. Truly the Declaration of Independence has done its work, and the story is only half told. It will not be completed until there is a world republic and liberty comes to dwell among men forever.

A. C. SQUIERS.

Worse Than George III.

When I look o'er the fatal list, So mad and so absurd, It almost seems to me the Fourth Is worse than George the Third!

NEW CLUE TO LEON LING